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ORATION

BY

PROF. BRAINERD KELLOGG,

AND

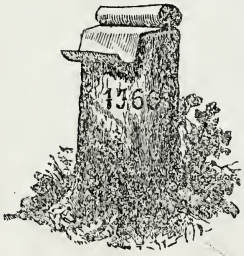
POEM

BY

MRS. J. C. R. DORR,

DELIVERED AT THE

Pioneer Centennial Celebration,



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MIDDLEBURY, Vt. VERMONT,

JULY 4th, 1866.

Brainerd Kellogg

MIDDLEBURY:
REGISTER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

1866.

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PIONEER
Centennial Celebration

MIDDLEBURY, VT.,

1866.

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Kellogg, Brainerd.

Oration by Prof. Brainerd Kellogg, and poem by Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr, delivered at the pioneer centennial celebration, Middlebury, Vermont, July 4th, 1866. Middlebury, Register book and job printing establishment, 1866.

35 p. 23cm.

Oration on John Chipman, the first settler of Middlebury.

SHELF CARD

1. Chipman, John, 1744–1829. 2. Middlebury, Vt.—Hist. I. Dorr, Mrs. Julia Caroline (Ripley) 1825–1913.

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INTRODUCTORY.

In the early summer of 1866, the Middlebury Historical Society resolved that the first clearing, made one hundred years ago within the limits of the town, should be commemorated, and the Fourth of July was named as a fit day for the occasion. Committees were appointed on conference with the citizens of the town, the machinery of celebration fashioned and set in motion.

Prof. B. Kellogg, of the College, was invited as Orator, and Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr, of Rutland, as Poet.

The spot chosen for the celebration was the Seeley Farm, where the first Pioneer made the first clearing, and spent the most of his life. On the day chosen—a day without a cloud, a day ushered in as is only that one of the three hundred and sixty-five—some two or three thousand people congregated in the edge of the grove south of Jonathan Seeley's house. In the absence of the Chairman chosen for the occasion, the Hon. Samuel Swift—President of the Middlebury Historical Society, detained at home by the infirmities of his years—the Hon. John W. Stewart called the assembly to order. Rev. Cephas H. Kent read from the Family Bible of the original Pioneer and offered prayer. The Orator was then introduced, who pronounced an oration upon the Pioneer, John Chipman, and Mrs. Dorr's poem was read by the

Chairman. The Toast-Master, Philip Battell, Esq., read the sentiments, which were responded to by Henry Clark, Esq., of Poultney, and Geo. F. Houghton, Esq., of St. Albans. Interesting letters were read from Hon. Samuel Swift, Rev. Pliny H. White, President of the Vermont Historical Society, Hon. A. H. Holley of Connecticut, Hon. E. June, of Brandon, Hon. E. Cushman, M.D., of Orwell, and several others. Farr's Band was in attendance and discoursed fine music through the day; and Mr. E. P. Phillips, of St. Albans, rendered *Vive L'America*, with an accompaniment on the piano by Mr. E. H. Higley, of Castleton. The occasion was one of peculiar interest to those who are interested in the early history of the town, and those who watch the dawnings of civilization everywhere.

ORATION

DELIVERED AT THE

Pioneer Centennial Celebration,

BY

PROF. BRAINERD KELLOGG,

JULY 4th, 1866.

In that wonderfully elaborated discourse of Isocrates, his Panegyricus, wherein he vindicates for Athens as against Sparta, the hegomeny—in Mr. Grote's phrase—the primacy, the headship and the consequent leadership of the mutually jealous and warring States of Greece in order that, banding them into a confederacy with Athens as chief, they might make head against the hostilely impending Persian on the Continent, the Orator makes this—to us—singular claim for his City, that her people were *autochthenes*, children of the soil, born of it, born out of it as their Mother, and had maintained the purity of such an origin unmixed by immigration, unalloyed by contact with other races and other men.

In the eyes and on the tongue of Isocrates, Athens was no colony that had swarmed out from the overstocked hive of Egypt on the South, or any state of Asia on the East, bringing along with her sacred fire from the maternal altar, the mysteries and rites and Deities of the home religion, the mother language, the traditions, histories and memories that linked her to other days and another clime. She was her own beginning, and began on that renowned Acropolis and the adjoining Hill of Mars; she didn't spring out of a capsule of seeds that had dropped into her soil from a tree that had

ripened into perfection elsewhere, but underived, holding no community of lineage with foreign nations, unrelated by birth even with neighboring states that spoke the same Greek, she forswore all ancestry but the soil, owned no mother but the Rock on which she was built.

Thucydides, *princeps historicum*, asserts the same for this Queen City of Attica and therein differs her from and makes her excel, the rest of Greece.

The musical Herodotus puts in a like plea for Arcadia, which, walled in by mountain ranges, in the very heart of the Peloponnesus kept at bay enemies and colonists alike.

This same idea of an earth-born commencement took shape in the Cadmean myth. Killing a serpent that guarded the fountain of Mars in Beotia, Cadmus sowed its teeth and immediately there sprang up out of the earth a race of armed men who slew each other; only five survived, and these with Cadmus founded and built the aspiring city of Thebes.

Transplanted across the Adriatic, this same belief crops out in Latin history and mythology. *Indigenæ Latini* the Latins called themselves, and Virgil, in the 12th Book of his Æneid makes Jupiter command Juno never to change this *vetus nomen*, this ancient name. *Aboriginæ* is its synonym by which the primitive people, that blending with the Siculi subsequently became the Latin nation, was called. And gradually as Latin civilization emerged from the total eclipse its rayless mythology cast over it, into the penumbra of its partially luminous philosophy and men ceased to believe in such an origin for themselves they yet ascribed it to the Titans, the Giants, their *Terrigenæ*, and to some of their very Gods.

Without doubt, my Friends, just as all nations have somehow received and embalmed the old Testament tradition of a Great Flood that once drowned the earth and of a single family that floated in safety out of it preserving the race in little, so this belief of Athens and Thebes and the Latins in a beginning for themselves that rooted in the earth, is but the Bible account of the starting of humanity in the creation of Adam out of the dust of the earth, caught up away back, from the faint lispings of Rumor, appropriated, localized and

transmitted as a veritable account of their own separate commencements. To the birth and the growth of such an idea and such a claim that old isolation of nations, that exclusion of one from the confines of the other through lack of intercommunication in trade and travel, and their pride in such exclusiveness, largely contributed. When all beside the Jew were, to the Jew, hated Gentiles—when first to the Egyptian and then to the Greek and then to the Roman all the rest of the world were uncouth Barbarians, receiving from them this their imitative name from the unintelligibility of their jargon—barbar, barbar to cultivated ears—no wonder they rejected the truth, not even yet fully accepted, of a common origin of the races, of a settlement of the world through migration and colonization.

What terrible work with some of their other cherished beliefs, what terrible work with this of an independent beginning for their cities and nations and a beginning, too, that started out of the soil, would one of our modern Historical Societies have made, especially if blessed with such a fellow of a Secretary as honors ours here in Middlebury, not satisfied at all with mere "surface indications," boring down, right down through the mould of family or national tradition, through the subsoil of ignorance, through the rock of prejudice, and "striking ile" when he reaches the truth, be it in pedigree, or name, or any other point in the history. How mercilessly that German Iconoclast Niebuhr laid about him when he broke into the fold of Roman History! What legions of myths and fables and fabled heroes fell before him!—Romulus and Remus and that celebrated four-footed lupine nurse of theirs and a whole mine full of demi-gods with the long tale of their recorded exploits, at a single pop, exploded into thin air. Heaven sent down upon our planet, and into our times, more of these ruthless truthtellers. When they turn over the great flat stones that conceal errors and lies and superstitions, with here and there a stray truth intermingled, there's a frightful squirming and writhing and scampering among the dark, foul inhabitants beneath, that can't bear the light, and in the coming autumn what a wealth of productive harvest grows there.

My Friends, we are met to-day to commemorate an event that would have shocked those old Athenians, boasting an independent commencement for their city. We come together to recognize the truth—and glory in it, too, so far as it concerns ourselves and our township—that the human race is a great spreading Banyan tree. God planted the original seed and grew the first trunk. Every branch of it that shot up in vigor, with unerring instinct bent itself to earth again, took root, became itself a trunk, threw out branches which, in turn, sought the earth and became stems for other branches, in endless succession shoots becoming stalks and stalks sending out shoots, till the inhabited world is shaded. One of the most noteworthy facts in human history is this propagation and extension of the race through successive migrations and colonizations, the old life flowing out into the new, mothers sending out daughters, daughters becoming mothers, dispatching their children, in turn, to distant localities, carrying on and on even down to our own time, this endless succession of township and state and national births. From that elevated plateau in Central Asia, I care not which way the children of Shem or of Ham may have journeyed, they have had but little to do in the world's civilization, but the children of our great ancestor, Japheth, surged westward. They planted cities and founded empires as they went, they poured their teeming life and numbers into them, they swelled them to distension, they burst their confines, leaped the seas and straits that part Europe from Asia, settled the isles and shores of the Mediterranean, they swarmed northward and they swarmed westward, separating into tribes and nations and races as they went; who, forgetting their common brotherhood, warred Latin upon Greek and Gaul and Celt, Goth upon Latin, divisions and minute subdivisions of races upon each other, and yet, multiplying in spite of these desolating, annihilating wars, they filled up full, all Europe. How eagerly did Holland, and Denmark, and Spain, and Portugal, and France, and England, open their valves to give vent to their surcharged populations when our Western World dawned upon their vision. Countless colonies instantly took root on the Atlantic coast from Brazil to Newfoundland, seaboard states in turn colonizing inland—Connecticut and Massachusetts, Vermont—the East, the West—the East and West

together, the Farther West, till the Rocky Mountains are scaled, California, Washington and Oregon peopled, the circuit of the earth completed, when only the far Pacific separates our remotest colonies from Asia, the cradle, the primal starting goal of the race.

This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is our record, and we feel proud of it, damaging though it be to any claim of fixedness, or to the origin of any city or nation other than that of transplantation, colonization.

No one of my mammoth audience regrets more sincerely than does your Speaker that on this occasion of your Town's Centennial Celebration a native Middleburian doesn't occupy the stand, stand where I occupy. I am tainted, too, with what I fear is in your eyes an additional disqualification, that of not being even a native Vermonter. Though Vermont and Middlebury are mine, and I am theirs, by adoption, yet I don't find it easy, strange as it may seem to you, Vermonters, to transfer all my affection from my first love, the Empire State, to my second, the Green Mountain. I have to say thus much, Ladies and Gentlemen, in revenge for your inventing and circulating, and believing, too, those poetic myths concerning the desire of New York to gobble you up once upon a time when you were only the Hampshire Grants, and concerning, too, that still more mythical "beech sealing" that old Ethan and his Boys were said to have inflicted upon some who crossed the Lake to your western shore with intent to acquire title to your soil by an *exparte* livery of seizin. Mystically mythical I call all that sort of talk, of course, for I believe I have never heard or seen much of it, except in the first and most successful work of *fiction* Vermont ever perpetrated, her Thompson's "Green Mountain Boys."

But, Ladies and Gentlemen, your Speaker made haste long years ago, to repair whatever damage his parents unwittingly did him in not opening his eyes first here in Vermont. He wouldn't and he didn't accept any other than a "copper-bottomed," "fire-proof," "warranted-to-last" Vermont college education, and when, in the fullness of time, he cast about him for one to share his name and his fortune (a word sadly out of place here, I grant you,) why, of course, he couldn't find her anywhere out of Ver-

mont, out of Middlebury, and so, as my friend, the aforesaid Secretary of the Historical Society, affirmed in the REGISTER some two months ago, when advertising this very occasion, he became, by marriage, a relative of the original Pioneer, and, quoting Mr. Beecher, speaking of a similar fact in his own history, allow me to say, "I have been glad of it ever since!" Please pardon thus much of personality—I promise not to offend again.

Holmes says:

> "Little of all we value here,
> Wakes on the morn of its *hundredth* year
> Without both feeling and looking queer.
> In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth—
> So far as I know—but a tree and truth."

Yes, there is, Sir Autocrat, you've forgotten one thing in your bill of exceptions. It rejuvenates a spot of God's earth to cut to the ground those hoary, moss-grown giants that cover it, and let in upon the soil the sunlight of Heaven. Nature, with holes in all pockets, leaks in her seeds, and the next year close up to the shaggy, splintery stumps hugs the green grass and hides the rents and the nakedness which the axe had caused.

Just one hundred years ago this summer, the very spot where we stand was cleared by the sturdy arms of the first Pioneer, John Chipman, then a youth of twenty-two. I want to commemorate him and his work, the first work of the kind done within our town limits, and done, as I said, where we celebrate to-day.

It isn't any wonder that Benning Wentworth, Governor of the Colony of New Hampshire by the grace of God and by the appointment of His Majesty, George III., looked with covetous eyes upon this Green Mountain Ridge and the slopes that stretch down from it on either side and are halves of these richest and greenest of valleys—Connecticut and Lake Champlain. Nor is it to be wondered at that in imitation of Massachusetts and Connecticut, he should stretch his western line to the meridian that parts these from New York, and bound his Province north by Canada, east by Maine and the Atlantic, south by Massachusetts, and west by Lake Champlain. At any rate he did it—I mean he tried to do it—the difficulty being that while "Barkis was willin,'" Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, weren't. But, presuming upon his title, in 1761, a year after the British wrested Canada from the French, Went-

worth granted sixty charters of townships lying on both sides of the Mountains. Among these was the charter of Middlebury and those of eight other townships in the County of Addison. The charters of Salisbury, Middlebury and New Haven were granted to a party of gentlemen residing largely in Salisbury, Litchfield Co. Connecticut. John Evarts, Esq., of that place penetrated to the Great Falls of Otter Creek, situated at Vergennes, and taking said Falls as the north-western corner of New Haven, he surveyed these three townships intending to make them about six miles square each, all having the Otter Creek as their western boundary. So much of Middlebury as lies west of Otter Creek, was annexed from Cornwall by act of Legislature in 1796.

These three towns were named, the southern, Salisbury from the colonizing town, the northern, New Haven from the capital of Connecticut, the one lying between, in the middle, Middlebury. Among the names of the sixty-three grantees of the township of Middlebury, that of John Chipman does not occur. Born in 1744, he was at the time of the charter a mere lad, a minor, only seventeen years of age, his father had died some years before, but I find that our Pioneer is named in a subsequent survey as original proprietor of the right of one Elisha Painter, whose name is in the charter list.

One of the provisions of said charter was that five acres for every fifty granted, should be cultivated within five years from the date of the instrument, else the grantee's or proprietor's right was null, the land reverting to the donor.

To secure his and theirs, John Chipman, with 15 other young men, left Salisbury, Conn., for Vermont in the spring of 1766, some months before the expiration of said five years of grace. Their locomotive was a yoke of oxen, their train a two-wheeled cart, their freight axes, farming utensils and provisions. There wasn't a house in all these Hampshire Grants, north of Manchester; the road they hewed cut and built as they went. Pushing up the Battenkill to the head waters of Otter Creek, they skirted this to the foot of Sutherland Falls, there hollowing out a tree for a canoe they launched it, loaded it, and lashing their cart to its stern, away they went paddling and floating down a stream which

never before had been, which never since has been, ploughed by such an amphibious craft. Only once, Dr. Merrill says, did the wheels touch bottom so as to roll on their axle, and yet we call such a stream as that, a Creek and this little babbling tributary down here at our feet, we grandiloquently style, a River. Dumping the indomitable Chipman at what is now our "three-mile Bridge," the other fifteen pursued their way to Vergennes. Chipman made his "pitch" on the spot where you stand and that summer ten acres of stalwart monarchs of the wood, fell under his blows and those of a colored gentleman who assisted him and one David Vallance who had pitched his tent over in Addison.

That wasn't an effeminate soul which that boy of twenty-two had in him; it wasn't a woman's work that he was doing. There wasn't a white face within a half, nay, a full, score miles of him, save when his friend Vallance came over to exchange works with him; belted in with woods, endless woods that crowded down around his narrow ring of a clearing; trusting to his rod and his rifle for provisions, here he struck blow after blow, blow after blow, writing John Chipman, his ⋊ mark, all over these acres of his. What a Chip-man he was that summer if never again! How the flying, the leaping, the prowling denizens of the forest around him must have stopped and listened to his ringing, echoing strokes and drawn near and nearer to watch and wonder at this strange intruder who was ruthlessly cutting through a window to let God's sunlight in upon their dark habitations! How many a song and twitter and chatter was cut short and the affrighted hush of silence settled down upon bird and beast within hearing, as gash kissed gash at the centre, and those colossal, century-stricken forms came thundering to the ground!

I tell you, Ladies and Gentlemen, one of the three biggest things Americans have done on this Continent of ours, since 1620, has been this leveling to earth of the forest that stretched from St. Croix away around beyond the Sabine, covering everything, save here the ribbon of a River and there the patch of a Lake or a Prairie, from the Great Lakes on the North to the greater Gulf on the South. Men who have prostrated the woods, subdued and made tractable the soil on which it stood, have always had easy work when

outside enemies have assailed or foes of the same household have risen up within. How is it, then, that while bows and arrows, spears and rifles, beetles and spades, ploughs and sickles, are blazoned, some upon many, and some upon more, of the Seals of the thirty-six States of our Union only upon one, and that of a Prairie State that never used it, is an Axe to be found, a nobler instrument than them all, I ween, because an earlier and more necessary; of an older history, from time immemorial to the days of gunpowder a weapon of warfare in the Old World and still so with the Indian of the New, swung by crusading Knight and invading Cavalier, grandly significant in the sacrificial ceremonies of Jew and Greek and Roman, bound up even with the Fasces and borne before the Roman Magistrate as a badge of authority; in our own day dedicated to a higher use, that of clearing the way for towns and cities and all the blessed institutions attendant of civilized society, antidating even the Plough which opens the earth for the seed whose harvest is to feed the hungry swarming millions. The Pioneer swinging his Axe, the emblem and motor of civilization in this Western World, at least, takes rank, in my regard—how is it in yours?—with the Soldier whose musket defends or redeems the country which his forerunner and compeer has opened up for the hearthstones he protects. All honor, then, to those brave, hardy, toiling few who throw themselves forward in the van of crowding populations, the skirmish line, the picket guard of lagging civilization, doing lusty duty against lusty foes with *the* American weapon —the Axe.

Having made the "sign manual" I have mentioned upon his grant and thus secured it, John Chipman returned that autumn, to Salisbury, Conn. Some two or three years later he married a Miss Douglass, who died shortly after leaving him a daughter. In 1772 he married as his second and last wife, Sarah Washburn, of as good a stock as he—and Connecticut could hardly have turned out better than either—daughter of Abisha Washburn, and at her marriage nineteen years of age.

The next spring, the spring of 1773, he returned to Middlebury, and pitched upon this his old lot, whose ten acre clearing was

again overgrown, bringing along with him Gamaliel Painter—Judge Painter of later days—who had married one of his sisters and who became a large property-holder in town and a bounteous donor to the College, after whom one of our College buildings was named, and who thirteen years—one year longer than any successor—represented Middlebury in the State Legislature. A log cabin was built upon the farm of Painter, who had made his "pitch" over yonder east of the centre road leading to Salisbury, their families presently came on, and Chipman built his cabin on yonder knoll which seven years before he had cleared; the Smalleys, Slawsons, Owens, and Hydes moved into town and from that summer, the summer of 1773, Middlebury dates its settlement. From 1766, Middlebury dates the first clearing made within the town limits. It is this we are commemorating to-day.

But these were those troublous days just prior to the American Revolution. The true colonial idea had everywhere taken root in men's minds, viz: that the colony is but a child going out to a new home, receiving help, if need be, for a time, but with an undoubted looking, even from the beginning, to future separation and independence in the fulness of time. This idea was strengthened by by the tyranny of the British Parliament, by the folly of George III., by the thousand leagues of ocean that rolled between mother and child. In 1775, only two years after the return of Chipman and the advent of these families into town, this idea took practical development at Lexington, at Bunker Hill, at Boston, in the expedition of Arnold through the wilds of Maine, in the taking of Ticonderoga and in the co-operation of Montgomery, *via* Lake Champlain, Montreal and St. Lawrence, with Arnold under the frowning walls of Quebec.

At the first gun of the Revolution, Chipman threw down his axe and shouldered his musket. Leaving his family here he, with Seth Warner and Remember Baker, joined Ethan Allen—Vermont's triad of historic names; they had all four been townsmen together in Salisbury, Conn.—and was present as a volunteer when Allen, in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, (Powers terrible to the Commandant but having little terror

to him) seized the keys of Ticonderoga. The obstinate retreat in the spring of 1776, up Lake Champlain to Crown Point and Ticonderoga of the American force under the brilliant but reckless Arnold after the disaster at Quebec, left the Valley of Champlain exposed to the invasions and depredations of the British and allied Indians. This exposure was made more complete and the danger more imminent by the total sweeping of our forces from the Lake and the recapture of Ticonderoga itself by Burgoyne, in the summer following—that of 1777. Whether it was this summer or the summer previous I cannot affirm—Dr. Merrill says 1776, but Judge Swift, the painstaking historiographer of Middlebury, shakes his head incredulously—probably it was during *both* these years that the twenty-one families who had established themselves within the present bounds of our town, were making their Hegira out of it, the Indians frequently lurking, in search of booty, at one end of a settler's farm as its owner was making his escape at the other. Fire and sword desolated this beautiful Valley of Otter Creek, but not till every colonist save Daniel Foot, Benj. Smalley and the celebrated Widow Story, afterwards Mrs. Smalley, had fled. Almost everything that fire would burn or the hatchet hew, was destroyed. Yonder, in full view, is a barn of Chipman's erecting, that like its owner defied both. Too green for the one, its timbers too massive for the other, with scars of both upon it to this day to attest its ordeal and its victory, there it stands, the oldest building in town, good till the year of our Lord 2000, at least.

I think it must have been in the summer of 1776, that John Chipman, getting leave of absence from his regiment, returned to Middlebury, reaching his home by night. Burrowing into yonder hillside, he buried so much of his furniture as he couldn't carry away with him—much of this built to last, is still in use among his grandchildren— and transporting the remainder to the bank of Otter Creek, he and a neighbor or two, probably Painter among them, lashed together two or three light dug-outs, and loading their little all into them, paddled in the dead of night, to the falls of our Village below. Carrying their boats and the laden around the successive descents, they cautiously, wearisomely worked their

way down through the mouth of the River, out into the Lake and then beat up under the protecting guns of old Ticonderoga. Every precaution was taken to guard against surprise from the Indians that filled the woods and haunted the River. The oars were muffled, a favorite dog was killed before starting, lest his yelp might betray the expedition, the journey was made by night and made, too, not up the Creek, away from the enemy, but down the Creek, through the enemy. The precious freight of wives and children was aboard, Indian rifles, masked by the darkness of the night and the protecting shadow of the trees that lined the River, might have opened upon them at any moment, but they floated, thank God, through danger, out of danger—the very boldness of the enterprise, an enterprise characteristic of John Chipman, was its safety.

I wish I could tell you more than the little I know, than any one now living knows, of this doughty Soldier of the Revolution, during those long years of ordeal—times that "tried men's souls." Strangely oblivious of self, caring only to advance the great cause that engaged them, seemingly unaware that their work was not for themselves or for an age, but for all time, moved to heroic deeds by no anticipation of the honor that children and children's children to latest posterity, would delight to pay them, all those beneath the notice of a Bancroft, a Sparks, or an Irving, have come down to us with but the baldest, meagrest records of their exploits and services preserved by themselves; and the armies of the Revolution didn't swarm, as did ours of the Rebellion, with greedy correspondents catching at every crumb of achievement, catering to a hungry public outside through the myriad columns of a myriad press, inciting to adventure by the certainty that the next morning's papers would blazon to the four winds, a full, minute account of it.

What I do know is that Chipman must have done his duty bravely and done it well. Let me read you from Swift's History of Middlebury, in Chipman's own words, his brief record. The original manuscript, in the possession of his daughter, I saw not a month ago:—

"I turned out at the commencement of the war, as a volunteer with

Colonel Ethan Allen, in the spring of 1775, to take Ticonderoga and Crown Point. In May or June I received a second lieutenant's commission in Capt. Grant's company, Col. Seth Warner's regiment, went into Canada, and was at the taking of St. Johns and Montreal; was discharged at Montreal, and returned home the first part of December. In the summer of 1776, I received a first lieutenant's commission in Capt. Smith's company, Seth Warner's regiment, and joined the army at Ticonderoga, in March, 1777. I was in the retreat of the the army, and was in the battle of Hubbardton. I was also in the battle of Bennington, so called, on the 16th of August of that year, and was at Saratoga at the taking of Burgoyne in October. We were ordered to Fort Edward and Fort George in 1778 and 1779. I was promoted to a captain, and served in that capacity until October 1780, when I was taken prisoner at Fort George. I remained in this situation until the summer of 1781, when I was exchanged and remained a supernumerary until the close of the war."

Entering, you see, as a volunteer, he became 2d Lieutenant, 1st Lieutenant, Captain, and in 1781, was raised to the rank of Major. He had command of Fort Edward and afterwards of Fort George. Overwhelmed by numbers, he was obliged, after a desperate defense, to surrender this latter place, as he tells you, in October, 1780. On coming forward begrimed with dust and powder smoke, to deliver up himself and his forces, a British officer insultingly asked, "And who are you?" Drawing himself up to his tallest, "A gentleman, Sir!" was his quick, stinging reply. I omit, as an unnecessary Grecism, the strengthening particles he used.

His orderly book, kept while in command of these two places, I hold here in my hand. I could amuse you by reading you some orders he issued. It was an iron discipline, in those critical times when the Lake and woods swarmed with enemies, he found it necessary to maintain, and he maintained it. Listen to these:—

"No non-commissioned officer or soldier is to stroll more than one hundred rods from this garrison without leave from his officer."

"No gun is to be fired on any pretense whatever except at the enemy."

"No non-commissioned officer or soldier is to cut or destroy, or make use of any boards in or about the garrison without leave of the Quartermaster."

For kicking the dog of Lieut. Bates, and exonerating himself,

when railed at and struck by its owner, by saying that Bates had often done the same by *his* dog, one Dr. Prindle was condemned at court martial, to receive on his knees a severe reprimand from the commanding officer.

It was an old-fashioned discipline, too. Listen to this :—

"The Court met, and being sworn, proceeded to the trial of Mathew Brayton for refusing to do his duty. The Court sentenced him to receive *Sixty Lashes* on the naked back, *well laid on*, and then to be put in irons and sent to Albany."

We of a century later, a century nearer the millennium, have attained that pitch of goodness, in the family and out of it, that, of course, the use of the rod or its equivalent, the lash, seems both barbaric and brutal! How they missed it in not living in our day!

With the close of the war, Major Chipman retu rned to this his old home. Four of his five children by his second wife were already born. Two had died. One only, the youngest and now the only survivor, born in 1784, in the log cabin on the knoll, is here with us to day.

He was prospered, prosperous, died out of his log cabin, built a brick house over himself just a few steps east of the white one yonder, occupied by Mr. Seeley—this house burnt down while Wm. Y. Ripley owned the place—his rich acres brought him in abundant harvests, he lived comfortably, even luxuriously for those days, far and wide he was known a hospitable, courteous gentleman, his house became a favorite resort for friends all over the State, parties from the Village frequently visited him, the beautiful road leading hither on the bank of the Otter Creek, far prettier formerly than now, I am told, Judge Swift says was not inappropriately named Love Lane.

These were the years when some of you before me knew him and now recall him. No words of mine, I feel assured, can color the picture of him and his surroundings you hold in memory.

These were the years, too, when his worth was acknowledged, when such modest honors as lie in the gift of neighbors and townsmen, were bestowed upon him. He was Moderator at your town-meetings, was Selectman for years and held other offices of town trust.

He was High Sheriff of the County from 1789 to 1801—days when Sheriffs wore swords and, for aught I know, Judges, as in England, wore wigs.

He was aid to the first Governor of Vermont, Governor Chittenden, a man whose honors and offices didn't vitiate his simplicity of tastes, whose wife was to the last, a fond breeder of poultry. This story is told of her that a Mr. Chase, a magnate in the State, calling one day upon the Governor, and entering through the kitchen was earnestly besought by Her Excellency not to tread on the goslings. "Goslings! Goslings!" cried the indignant visitor, "I thought I was in the Governor's house and not in a damned goosepen."

Major Chipman was a mason, rose to be Grand Master of the State. His daughter, Mrs. Loomis, present to-day, tells me she remembers riding over quite a portion of the Connecticut Valley with her father while founding lodges and discharging his other official duties.

Much, let me be just, to-day, of what Major, *Col.* Chipman did and became I feel assured was due to Mrs. Chipman—and he isn't the first man nor the last that owes such a debt to his wife—one of the best of wives and women, faithful to her place and relation from her marriage in 1772 till her death in 1810. Her father, Abisha Washburn, a native of Salisbury, Conn., afterwards a resident of Middlebury, living on what is, I think, still the farm of Smith K. Seeley, was a founder, and cast cannon during the Revolution and in aid of it. A neighbor of his coming into his furnace one day asked him, "Mr. Washburn, which fire do think is the hottest, this one here in the forge, or that fed by the Devil in the regions below!" (that place that begins with an aspirate and ends with a liquid, you know what I mean). "Jump in, sir, jump in and you can try them both in half a minute!" was his instant response.

His daughter Sarah, wife of our Col. Chipman, was, as I have intimated, a woman of remarkable character. Thrifty, economizing, managing, a "woman of faculty," as we say in New England, cheerful, patient, industrious, energetic, and of unusual intelligence she was a helpmate in the truest sense of the word.

She had the courage of a Spartan woman, of that one, who when her son, wounded in battle and limping in his gait, complained of his fate, replied, "Do not grieve, my son, for at every step of yours you will give proof of your unexampled valor."

Through much of that painful struggle for Independence she shared her husband's dangers and privations, and with her oldest child, then seven, afterwards Mrs. Jabez Rogers, was present with him when Fort George was surrendered. Earnestly besought by the other women of the Fort to go below (out of danger during the siege,) she steadily refused, saying that if taken at all she would be "taken above ground."

Her unequalled nerve and presence of mind are illustrated in the following incident. Searching one night in the little loft of her log cabin for an article she wanted, the half-inch end of her tallow candle fell out of its socket in the candle-stick and, as if by miracle, turned a complete somersault and stood blazing end up, in the top of an uncovered keg of powder. With a coolness that positively staggers belief, she drew back, gave a single look and a single thought, then stooped, cautiously laid hold of the burning stub, lifted it from the keg and neither screamed nor fainted in the act that saved herself, her children, her husband and her cabin from instant destruction. If there are five within my hearing who could do that deed will they please step forward upon the platform.

She was a woman of great good nature, too, could appreciate a joke, and once upon a time, perpetrated one that has come down to us. A pompous, all-sufficient, self-sufficient, insufficient youth was one evening to be taken into the masonic lodge, which then held its meetings at the Grand Master's—Col. Chipman's. He came at dusk and sat down in the kitchen awaiting his summons to the appointed room. Mrs. Chipman quietly placed the gridiron on the coals. It was after all meal hours, the candidate for masonic honors was not a little disturbed all over, perhaps, by the proceeding, and sat eyeing the gridiron which, in turn, eyed the candidate. You've seen a turkey in the hay-field look into the open mouth of the far-

mer's jug, and the jug gape back into the eye of the turkey, haven't you? That's the scene I want you to recall or imagine. At last he ventured to ask the use to which the heating iron was to be put. Mrs. Chipman quietly replied that an aspirant for masonic immortality was, that evening, to be initiated into the fraternity and her husband had requested her to have all the implements ready. The kitchen door suddenly opened, out bolted the collapsed youth—he didn't "ride the goat" that evening, I suspect he never did at Mrs. Chipman's house.

For thirty-eight years she was Col. Chipman's devoted wife and constant companion save when occasionally parted from him by the vicissitudes of the war. She died in 1810, aged fifty-seven, he nineteen years later, aged eighty-five. They sleep in yonder burial place, side by side, as they had lived. The prayer uttered at their graves half a century ago let us echo to-day—*Requiescant in pace.*

Col. John Chipman, cousin of Nathaniel Chipman, the great Jurist of Vermont, who, as is confessed by the Bar and Bench through the State, more than any other man shaped the jurisprudence of our nascent Commonwealth; cousin of Daniel Chipman, the accomplished Lawyer and Legislator, twelve years State Representative from Middlebury, two or three times Speaker of the House which then, and till 1836, comprised the whole of the Legislature, the Senate having that year been created, largely, too, through Daniel Chipman's influence; uncle of Wm. Sweetland Esq., of Plattsburgh, N. Y., for many years the acknowledged leader of the Clinton County Bar—Col. Chipman I repeat, allied thus to Gentlemen, was himself a Gentleman, and a Gentleman of what we delight, now-a-days, to call, "the Old School."

Just what do I mean by that phrase, Gentleman of the Old School, does some young friend ask? This:—not that he was what in just derision you call an old fogy, forever blocking the wheels of social progress by his inertia, or by positive resistance, but that while progressive he wouldn't disencumber himself and society of all attained good that he and they might advance the faster—that's the notion of progress some men entertain. It means that he believed

in ideas and not so much in an idea and hence wanted more than one in his inventory, wasn't a hobbyist, a fanatic, a cogged wheel with only one tooth in the circumference; that while he didn't keep aloof from anything new simply because it was new, he didn't reject what was old and tried and true simply because it was old, wouldn't breathe pure oxygen to-day, just because he had inhaled oxygen and nitrogen in the proportion of common air, yesterday, wouldn't advocate walking henceforth on our heads because hitherto the world has but jogged along afoot; that he didn't suppose Nature had done her biggest and her best work when she produced him, that civilization had come to its perfect flower in his day, that he lived in the focus of all possible light, that previous ages of the world might be labelled barbaric and laid away for the curious antiquarian only.

That phrase means that while Col. Chipman was a Democrat, fought long years to free his country from aristocratic rule, was one of the people, believed in the people, he wouldn't prove or publish his Democracy by going to church or into his parlor in his shirt-sleeves, insulting all the dignities, putting his heel upon all the little elegancies; had he lived in our day wouldn't persist in eating with an iron knife if a silver fork lay by him, and yet wouldn't starve rather than use the knife.

A man is none the worse a man, perhaps, for riding through town in a cart, eschewing a neck-tie, letting his elbows peep through to the light, combing his hair, save on Sunday, by running his fingers through it, but he's none the better for these eccentricities which some of our modern demagogues, would-be gentlemen, affect. That's the point. Just make him believe that, bleed him of the illusion that in this way he is showing a mind raised above trifles and is identifying himself with the great of history, and he'll dress and behave like other people. The rankest pride in the world is the pride of having no pride at all. That's the besetting weakness of the American people, that, superlatively, is Andy Johnson's.

The epithet I have applied to Col. Chipman means that he was a man of honor and honored by all who knew him, that he would rather be on the side of right than have right on his side, that he

wouldn't vend shoddy to the Government, water his milk, sand his sugar or oil his wool, that his word was law, given to be observed and not to quiet a clamorous creditor, that he didn't need an office to make him a gentleman, or a gig to make him respectable, that if in office he wouldn't betray an itching palm, wouldn't look upon the Government as a public goose exposed to be plucked by public officials and he the best fellow who from the pickings feathered his nest the softest, that a railroad pass wouldn't have bought him to the support of a monopoly or a corporation to the damage of the people's interests, he wouldn't have talked so grandly to his constituents, dubbing them the sovereign people and himself their humblest servant when he meant just the reverse of this; all honey before election, showing his enormous respect for you by behaving as if he had none for himself, and afterwards passing you without recognition or vouchsafing you a single finger if compelled to face you.

Such was not John Chipman of the old school, if it pictures at all a gentleman of the modern school let it be a picture of what we are to shun, not copy—a scare-crow, if you please, to warn us off the field.

Courteous, hospitable, kind-hearted, affable, uniformly cheerful, of delicate feeling, good breeding, and culture, inexorably just and inflexibly honest, he was fitted to command esteem, and he commanded it.

Stout, of a full figure, muscular, put together not hung, large, compact head, of the medium height, of commanding presence, plucky, of an iron will and endurance, he was made to last and he lasted. It isn't often that Soldiers and Pioneers whose common experience is hardships that break down ordinary men, live in health and vigor to four score years and five. It is stern oaken stuff they are made of when, without flunking or flinching, they do such work so well and do it so long.

We do well, to-day, Ladies and Gentlemen, to look after us as well as before, to honor such heroes, heroes unsung, unbulletined, but all the worthier, it may be, for that, heroes who fight not from brutal love of the work, not for the glory of the achievement, the fame of the thing, but from sheer love of country and liberty,

heroes who are the Heralds and Pioneers of civilization, who, axe in hand, migrate, if need be, to chartered townships in the wilderness, do stalwart labor in transmuting sombre forests to green meadows and golden fields, heroes not of such rough natures and uncultured tastes as flit from new-born settlement to settlement, too savage for the humanizing influence of society, and so hover forever on its outskirts, but heroes content to do this rugged, inevitable pioneer work if only out of it shall spring a cultivated and a Christianized civilization.

We, of Middlebury, Ladies and Gentlemen, can afford, if any town could, to honor the first Pioneer. Of all this town during the last one hundred years has done, done through the many sons and daughters she has reared and the greater number she has educated, done through her cultivated Society, her Bar, her Ministry, her Statesmen and Legislators, her College, her Seminary, and her Press, done in manufactures, in trade, in agriculture and stock-culture, done for herself, for the State, for the country, yea, for the world—can any of you compute for me how much of all this is due to the man, who, one hundred years ago, struck here the first blow, planted here the first seeds of a civilization which more than half a century he ceaselessly watched and watered till, in his old age, he saw it bearing fruit that cheered his heart into forgetfulness of all the toil it had cost him?

But admonished by the day, a day that henceforth shall stand in the American calendar and heart as signalizing two matchless events, twin in nature, though parted by eighty-nine years of space, namely, the first and second births of the nation, a birth into life and a birth into liberty, a birth of generation and a birth of regeneration—admonished by the day and instructed by the teachings of the time, let me, in closing, consecrate this occasion to a higher purpose than any I have yet made it subserve. And herein, bear me witness, I do the occasion no violence, but I magnify and honor it.

I confess that at the opening of our recent struggle the fact that the North were a floating, unsettled, migratory people, in the changing state of flux and flow, gave me no little uneasiness and alarm. Patriotism is a love of country; it seemed to me then and it seems

to me now, that a man has no country who has not in it as his own, somewhere, some spot he loves more than another, than all others, which to him is home, the Mecca of his thoughts, the Pole Star of his wanderings, and without which he can have but little genuine patriotism. The French, I grant you, fight grandly from sheer love of glory, whether the cause be right or wrong; our soldiers fought, you all know how, from an ineradicable conviction of the righteousness of their cause—it isn't the rank and file of every nation's armies that has intellectual and moral culture sufficient to appreciate such a motive—but I tell you, and I know what I am saying, a nation never is supremely secure until it superadds to every other motive for defence and just attack, that bulwark of England's security—an undying love among her people for the soil, for localities, each for some spot he has inherited or has adopted and to which he has rooted himself like an oak. You can have no love for your country which you have not seen, which to you is an abstraction, unless you love your State, your town, your acres, your home, which to you are concrete entities.

Patriotism like charity begins at home if it doesn't end there. That old Cynic, Diogenes, crawling out of his tub, thought he said a smart thing once upon a time when, asked of what nation he was, he replied, coining the word for his miserable need, "I'm a cosmopolite," but with the Boys, I'm obliged to confess "I can't see it." With Nolan I hope he lived to bewail his abjuration of country.

I don't ask you for the conceit that it is said the smallest town in Massachusetts exhibits, which spelling its own name H-u-l-l, Hull, spells and pronounces in the same way, the last word of Pope's celebrated line—"All are but parts of one stupendous whole." I don't plead even for the self-complacency of Boston, the hub of New England, and the would-be hub of the Universe, but I ask you isn't it time to do what you may in wiping out the reproach others, and Vermonters, too, cast upon the State when they say that it is a good State to be born in and migrate from? People somehow seem to think that because Vermont's elevation above the sea and her altitude in most moral and intellectual things, are higher than that of her neighbors and sisters, that therefore her men and

women, her sons and her daughters, like her water, must all drain off, fill full the seaboard cities of the East and settle in the prairie pools of the West.

I call upon you, Vermonters, to fasten upon everything this occasion offers, similar occasions offer, (and I rejoice that towns all about us and through the State are awakening to the importance of these Centennial Celebrations) which shall strengthen your attachment to localities. Root yourselves, Vermonters, root yourselves, Middleburians. Stay here at the East and in one place long enough to ask and answer the question whether or not you like it and it likes you. Baptize the spot you have chosen with your tears and with your sweat. Make it redolent of yourself, permeate it, percolate it yourself. Identify its interests and those of your township with with your own. Discharge your duties to your township as to your country, it stands to you as a miniature representation of your country, discharge them as to yourself. Fructify that spot with your labors, enrich it with associations, steep it in memories, vitalize it in every part by putting your own life into it; like the fabled mandrake, let it lacerate you to be torn from it, if your country's invader strikes spear into that soil let it bleed as with your blood, then when great national crises come, as come they must and come they will for every country, this your indestructible attachment to her soil shall supplement and intensify all other interests and agencies that move you to the field and marshal you into serried ranks for her triumphant defense.

POEM

BY

MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

O Mighty Present! from our souls to-day
Unloose thy grasp a little while, we pray;—
Nor frown that now upon another's shrine,
We lay the votive wreaths so lately thine.
We are not fickle, though it is not long
Since with glad harmony, triumphant song
And waving banners, the exultant throng
Proclaimed thee monarch—crowned thee kingliest king—
Lord of the ages—mightiest and best
Of the dead years that in their pallid rest
Sleep undisturbed, though loud our plaudits ring!
We are not fickle. Grand, heroic, true,
Faithful and brave thine earnest work to do,
O glorious Present! we rejoice in thee,
Thou noble nurse of great deeds yet to be!
Hast thou not shown us that our mother Earth
Still, in exultant joy, gives heroes birth?
Do not the old romances that our youth
Revered and honored as the truest truth,
Grow pale and dim before the facts sublime
Thy pen has written on the scroll of Time?

Ah! never yet did poet's tongue,
Though like a silver bell it rung,
Or minstrel, o'er his sounding lyre,

Breathing the old, prophetic fire,
Or harper, in the storied walls
Of Scotia's proud baronial halls—
Where mail-clad men with sword and spear,
Waited entranced the song to hear,
That through the stormy midnight hour,
Fast held them in its spell of power—
Ah! never yet did they rehearse
In flowing rhyme or stately verse,
The praise of deeds more nobly done,
Or tell of fields more grandly won!

We laud thee, we praise thee, we bless thee to-day!
At thy feet, lowly bending, glad homage we pay!
Thou hast taught us that men are as brave as of yore;
That the day of great deeds and great thought is not o'er;
That the courage undaunted, the far-reaching faith,
The strength that unshaken looks calmly on death,
The self-abnegation that hastens to lay
Its all on the altar have not passed away.
Thou hast taught us that "country" is more than a name;
That honor unsullied is better than fame;
Thou hast proved that while man can still battle for truth,
Even boyhood can give up the promise of youth,
And yielding its life with a smile and a sigh,
Say "'Tis sweet for my God and my country to die!"
O heart-searching Present, thy sons have gone down,
To the night of the grave in their day of renown!
Thy daughters have watched by the hearthstone in vain,
For the loved and the lost that returned not again.
No Spartans were they—yet mid tears falling fast,
Their faith and their patience endured to the last;
And God gave them strength to their kindred to say
"Go ye forth to the fight, while we labor and pray!"
Thou hast opened thy coffers on land and on sea;
And broad-handed Charity, noble and free,
Has lavished thy bounties on friend and on foe,

Like the rain, that descending falls softly and slow
On the just and unjust, and never may know
The one from the other. When thy story is told
By some age that looks backward and calls thee "the old,"
It shall puzzle its sages, all great as thou art,
To tell which was greatest, thy head or thy heart!

Mighty words thy lips have spoken—
Strongest fetters thou hast broken—
And in tones like those of thunder,
When the clouds are rent asunder,
Thou hast made the Nations hear thee—
Thou hast bade the Tyrants fear thee—
And our hearts to-day proclaim thee,
As they oft have done before,
Fit to lead the glorious legions
Of the glorious days of yore!
Yet still, we pray thee, veil awhile
Thy splendor from our dazzled eyes
And hide the glory of thy smile,
Lest our souls wake to new surprise!
Bear with us while our feet to-day
Retrace a dim and shadowy way,
In search of what it well may be,
Shall help to make us worthier thee!

And now, O spirit of the Past, draw near,
And let us feel thy blessed presence here!
With reverent hearts and voices hushed and low,
We wait to hear thy garments' rustling flow!
From all the conflicts of our busy life,
From all its bitter and enduring strife,
Its eager yearnings and its wild turmoils,
Its cares, its joys, its sorrows and its toils,
Its aspirations that too often seem
Like the remembered phantoms of a dream,
We turn aside. This hour is thine alone,

And none shall share the grandeur of thy throne.
Ah! thou art here! Beneath these whispering trees,
Thy breath floats softly on the passing breeze;
We feel the presence that we cannot see,
And every moment draws us nearer thee.
Could we but see thee, with thy solemn eyes
In whose rare depths such wondrous meaning lies—
Thy dark robes sweeping this enchanted ground—
Thy midnight hair with purple pansies crowned—
Thy lip so sadly sweet, thy brow serene!
There is no expectation in thy mien,
For thou hast done with dreams. Nor joy nor pain
Can e'er disturb thy placid calm again.
What is this veil that hides thee from our sight?
Breathe it away, thou spirit darkly bright!

It may not be! Our eyes are dim,
Perhaps with age, perhaps with tears;
We hear no more the choral hymn
The angels sing among the spheres.
Weary and worn and tempest-tossed,
Much have we gained—and something lost—
Since in the sun-beams golden glow,
The rippling brooklet's silvery flow,
The song of bird or murmuring bee,
The fragrant flower, the stately tree,
The royal pomp of sunset skies,
And all earth's varied harmonies,
We saw and heard what never more
Can Earth or Heaven to us restore,
And felt a child's unquestioning faith
In childhood's mystic lore!

A hundred times the Summer's fragrant blooms
Have laden all the air with sweet perfumes—
A hundred times along the mountain side,
Autumn has flung his crimson banners wide—

A hundred times has kindly Winter spread
His snowy mantle o'er the violet's bed—
A hundred times has Earth rejoiced to hear
The Spring's light footsteps in the forest sere,
Since on yon grassy knoll the quick, sharp stroke
Of the young woodman's axe the silence broke.
Not then did these encircling hills look down
On quaint old farmhouse, or on steepled town,
No church-spires pointed to the arching skies;
No wandering lovers saw the moon arise;
No childish laughter mingled with the song
Of the fair Otter, as it flowed along
As brightly then as now. Ah! little recked
The joyous river, when the sunshine flecked
Its dancing wavelets, that no human eye
Gave it glad welcome as it frolicked by!
The long, uncounted years had come and flown,
And it had still swept on, unseen, unknown,
Biding its time. No minstrel sang its praise,
No poet named it in immortal lays.
It played no part in legendary lore,
And young Romance knew not its winding shore.

But in her own loveliness Nature is glad,
And little she cares for man's smile or his frown;
In the robes of her royalty still she is clad,
Though his eye may behold not her sceptre or crown!
And over our beautiful Otter the trees
Swayed lightly as now in the frolicsome breeze;
And the meek little violet lifted an eye,
As blue as its own, to the laughing blue sky.

The harebell trembled on its stem,
Down where the rushing waters gleam,
A sapphire on the broidered hem
Of some fair Naiad of the stream.
The buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,

Held up their chalices of gold
To catch the sunshine and the dew,
Gaily as those that bloom for you,
And deep within the forest shade,
Where broadest noon mere twilight made,
Ten thousand small, sweet censers swung,
And tiny bells by Zephyrs rung
Made tinkling music, till the day
In solemn splendor died away.
The woods were full of praise and prayer,
Although no human tongue was there;
For every Pine and Hemlock sung
The grand cathedral aisles among,
And every flower that gemmed the sod
Looked up and whispered "Thou art God."
The birds sang as they sing to-day,
A song of love and joy alway.
The brown Thrush from its golden throat
Poured out its long, melodious note;
The Pigeons cooed; the Veery threw
  Its mellow trill from spray to spray;
The wild Night Hawk its trumpet blew,
And the owl cried "tu whit, tu whoo,"
  From set of sun to break of day.
The Partridge reared her fearless brood
Safe in the darkling solitude,
And the Bald Eagle built its nest
High on the tall cliff's craggy crest,
And often, when the still moonlight
Made all the lonely valley bright,
Down from the hills its thirst to slake,
The Deer trod softly through the brake;
While far away the spotted Fawn
Waited the coming of the dawn,
And trembled when the Panther's scream
Startled it from a troubled dream.

The Black Bear roamed the forest wide;
The fierce Wolf tracked the mountain side:
The Wild Cat's silent, stealthy tread
Was, even there, a fear and dread;
The Red Fox barked—a strange, weird sound
That woke the slumbering echoes round,
And the burrowing Mink and Otter hid
In their holes the tangled roots amid.
Lords of their limitless domain,
Of hill and dale, of mount and plain,
The wild things dreamed not of the hour
When they should own their Master's power.

But he came at last! With a sturdy hand,
And a voice of deep and stern command,
And an eye that looked upon friend and foe
With the spell of strength in its kindling glow;
With a stately presence, a mien that told
That his heart was true as it was bold,
He came to his own and proclaimed his sway,
And the forest fled from his glance away!
The rightful heir of the regions round,
No golden circlet his forehead crowned,
But he wore his youth with a kingly grace,
As he proudly stepped to his destined place.
Never a royal couch had he,
But he made his bed 'neath a greenwood tree,
And a simple garb of homespun brown
Round the brave young limbs was folded down.
Blithely the days and the years sped on;
The meed of his toil at length was won—
A home in the wilderness, fair and sweet,
Where the hill and the winding river meet.
Ah! blest was he, when the silent stars,
Peering from out their cloudy bars,
Looked down on the lowly cot that stood

Deep in the virgin solitude;
And saw the cabin windows gleam
In the pleasant hearthfire's ruddy beam,
While the children laughed, and the mother sang
Till the walls with the merry music rang!

A hundred years! A century of change—
A century of progress vast and strange!
Ah! could the dust that under yonder sod
In patient hope awaits the voice of God,
Wearing the hues of ruddy life again
Come forth to mingle with its fellow men,
How would the earnest, thoughtful, questioning eyes
Find marvels everywhere! In earth and skies;
On the broad seas, and where the prairies pour
Their overflowing wealth from shore to shore;
Where the Black Horses, with their eyes of fire,
Scale the high mountains, panting with desire,
Or thundering down the valleys, onward sweep
With long, persistent strides from steep to steep:
Where the tamed lightning hastes, with eager thrill,
To do man's bidding, and perform his will,
Or where their river, emerald banks between,
Bears on its silver tide your "Valley Queen."

Yet could our voices reach the slumbering dead
Who rest so calmly in yon grass-grown bed,
This truth would seem with greatest wonder fraught,—
That they are heroes to our eyes and thought.
For they were men who never dreamed of fame;
They did not toil to make themselves a name;
They little fancied that when years had passed,
And the long century had died at last,
Another age should make their graves a shrine,
And humble chaplets for their memory twine.
They simply strove, as other men may strive,

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Full, earnest lives in sober strength to live;
They did the duty nearest to their hand;
Subdued wild nature as at God's command;
Laid the broad acres open to the sun,
And made fair homes in forests dark and dun;
Built churches, founded schools, established laws,
Kindly and just and true to freedom's cause;
Resisted wrong, and with stout hands and hearts,
In war, as well as peace, played well their parts.
Their men were brave; their women pure and true;
Their sons ashamed no honest work to do;
And while they dreamed no dreams of being great,
They did great deeds, and conquered hostile Fate.

We laud them, we praise them, we bless them to-day;
At their graves, as their right, tearful homage we pay!
And the laurel-crowned Present comes humbly at last,
And bends by our side at the shrine of the Past.
With the hands that such burdens unshrinking have borne,
From the brow weary cares have so furrowed and worn,
She takes off the chaplet, and lays it with tears
That she cares not to hide, at the feet of the Years.
Hark! a breath of faint music, a murmur of song!
A form of strange beauty is floating along
On the soft summer air, and the Future draws near,
With a light on her young face, unshadowed and clear.
Two garlands she bears in the arms that not yet
Have toiled 'neath the burden and heat of the day;
Lo! both are of Amaranth, fragrant and wet
With the dew of remembrance, and fadeless alway.
Oh! well may we hush our vain babblings—and wait!
He who merits the crown wears it sooner or late!
On the brow of the Present, the grave of the Past,
The wreaths they have earned shall rest surely at last!

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